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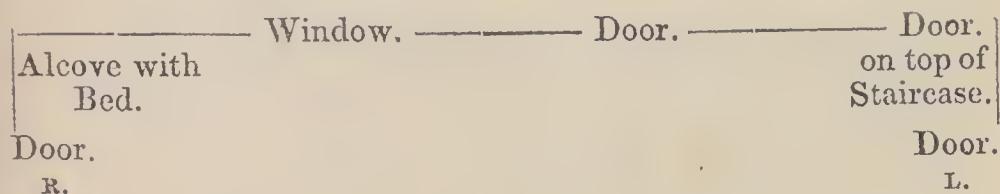
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## JEANNETTE'S WEDDING.



SCENE.—*The Interior of a Cottage.* Door, c.—window looking out on a Village Green, L. C.—bed, with curtains drawn, R. C.—staircase leading to loft, R.—door opening on garden, L.—another door under the staircase, R.—table, chairs, sideboard.

*Shouts and Laughter heard without.* JEAN enters hastily by door, c., and fastens it.

### SONG.—JEAN.

At length I'm safely housed and all my danger's o'er ;  
Outside my door  
Let them knock and roar,  
What care I ?  
Not a soul shall enter here,  
Oh ! no !

Wedding guests, and bridesmaids gay,  
To your firesides hie away !  
For the wedding sports are done,  
'Ere the wedding is begun !  
Go, lay by your scarfs so gay,  
Ribbons, too,  
Of every hue,  
Till some other wedding day.  
Let others take a wife,  
And after moan and sigh—  
I'll lead no fettered life,  
No ! not I !  
Not I !

## JEANNETTE'S WEDDING.

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### CHARACTERS.

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JEROME, } Peasants	{
PIERRE, }	
JEANNETTE, <i>the Bride</i> . . .	MISS HARRIETT GORDON.

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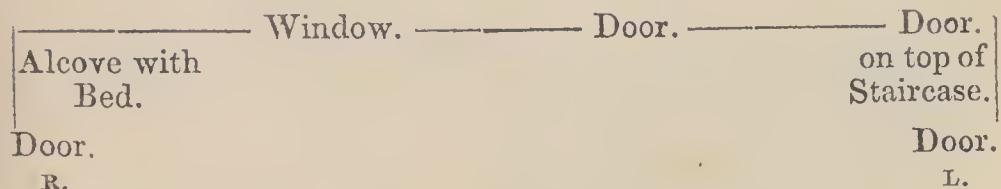


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Plan of  
the Stage

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Ribbons, too,  
Of every hue,  
Till some other wedding day.  
Let others take a wife,  
And after moan and sigh—  
I'll lead no fettered life,  
No ! not I !  
Not I !

I hate a scolding spouse,  
 I hate a squalling brat—  
 But I'm still free as air,  
 I thank my stars for that.  
 Let others take a wife,  
 And after moan and sigh—  
 I'll lead no fettered life,  
 No! not I!  
 Not I!

Last night, whilst I slumb'ring lay,  
 I was filled with sore dismay,  
 By a dream of dire portent,  
 To a man on wedlock bent—  
 But I chased my fears away,  
 And arose at break of day—  
 At length, full of mirth and glee,  
 My friends came to welcome me,  
 Young men and old, maids fair,  
 Of plain one's, too, ample share,  
 Decked in their best, all were there ;  
 Then Jeannette, coyly advancing  
 Laughing at my sore dismay,  
 Tenderly upon me glancing,  
 With a smile led me away.  
 Behold us all at once in a great big room,  
 Where the mayor was sitting in state,  
 While a lawyer with powdered pate,  
 Did straight unroll  
 A parchment scroll.

Heavens! what have I done, and what will be my doom ?  
 All eyes around,  
 As if spell bound,  
 Upon us stare  
 With awful glare !  
 Portents of ill  
 My bosom fill—  
 My head turns round  
 With fear distrest,  
 Till with a bound  
 I took to my heels like one possessed,  
 And left them all standing there—  
 Didn't the bridesmaids stare !  
 But I don't care !  
 No! no! not I!

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !  
Wedding guests, and bridesmaids gay,  
To your firesides hie away !  
For the wedding sports are done,  
'Ere the wedding is begun !  
Go, lay by your scarf's so gay,  
    Ribbons, too,  
    Of every hue,  
Till some other wedding day.  
Let others take a wife,  
And after moan and sigh—  
I'll lead no fettered life,  
    No ! not I !  
    Not I !

---

(If Jean's Song is not sung, the following Speech is its substitute.)

JEAN. Phew ! I'm safe at last ! but what a close shave ! another moment, and I should have been married ! married ! the very thought of it gives me the shivers ! luckily I reflected in time, and just as the mayor was putting on his scarf, and the bells were ringing away like mad, I bolted, as if a whole legion of devils had been at my heels, and left the bride and her friends to settle the matter between themselves at their ease. (*goes up.*) So the bells have ceased ringing, and no one seems to have followed me ! I'm in luck, to have got out of it so easily. (*sits.*) Oh, Lord ! oh, Lord ! what a day this has been, to be sure ! first, I woke up all of a quiver from a horrible dream, I thought I was a stag, stuck fast in the forest, with my long horns entangled in the branches of the trees, a pleasant omen, that, for one's wedding day ! however, I thought that might be owing to the pork chops I eat for supper last night, so I bravely shook off fears, and arrayed myself in my best, to meet my bride—then came all our friends in holiday dresses to fetch me, and, in the midst, Jeannette, looking so blooming and sly, I did certainly imagine that there was a sort of vampirish expression in the corner of her eye, but I fancied that might be the effect of last night's brandy and water, which did hang about my head a little, that's the truth, so I screwed up my courage like a hero, and off we went to the mayor's, but there I couldn't stand it any longer. There was the mayor looking as grave as a parson, with his big scarf round his neck, and the notary peering through his long spectacles like an owl, with the contract in his hand, and everybody standing around look-

JEROME. (*at window.*) Jean ! Jean—I say !

JEAN. Oh, Lord ! what's that ? (*seeing JEROME*) Oh, it's only you, Jerome ! What do you want ?

JEROME. I've come to tell you that all your friends are waiting for you at the ale house, to offer you their congratulations.

JEAN. Much obliged to them ; but I shouldn't much fancy meeting Jeannette on the road.

JEROME. You may set your mind at rest on that score ; she has gone home long ago, and so has all her friends—the musicians we've kept—they are with us at the ale house. Margot sent me here to fetch you.

JEAN. Margot !

JEROME. Yes ; she is waiting for you, with Rose, Jacqueline, Jeannette, and half the girls of the village—they all came for the wedding, and they declare they won't go home without having a dance.

JEAN. They're right ! tell them to wait for me—I shan't be a moment taking off my wedding clothes, and then I'll come at once.

JEROME. Make haste !

JEAN. Never fear ! I'll not be an instant. (*JEROME retires from window.*) To be sure ! why shouldn't I be jolly ? what's the use of being a bachelor, if one can't avail oneself of one's privileges. (*takes off his coat and hangs it on a nail.*) There ! now I'm more at my ease ! Precious nuptial livery ! What an ass I must have been ever to think of putting it on ! Now to find another coat. (*trying to open a drawer, which sticks.*) Blow the drawer ! it won't come out. (*the drawer gives way, and he falls with it.*) Here's a scene ! all my wardrobe in the dust ! (*picks up clothes and puts them in the drawer.*) Phew ! I'm tired of this job. (*sits on chair, which breaks, and he falls with it.*) Good ! there's another precious piece of furniture. (*gets up.*) It's true I've no right to complain, for it all belonged to my

---

ing so solemn, as if they all pitied me from the bottom of their souls, and the church bells booming in my ears, I don't know what came over me all of a sudden, but I was taken with a cold shiver, the mayor looked at me like a judge putting on the black cap, the notary's contract seemed to be my death warrant, and the bells sounded as if they were announcing the hour of my execution, so when they handed me the pen to sign, I dropped it like a hot coal, took to my heels like mad, and never stopped till I found myself safe at home again !

JEROME. (*at window.*) Jean ! Jean ! &c.

great grandfather, so it's seen some service. (*knocking at door, c.*) Don't be in a hurry, I'm a-coming. (*puts on another coat and goes to door, c.*) I warrant, now, that it's Margot come herself to fetch me. What a thing it is to be a bachelor! 'Gad! I'd better fasten the back door, for Jeannette's house is only a few steps off, and she might take it in her head to come and ask me for an explanation. Hang it, I should be a little puzzled to satisfy her. (*fastens door; L.—knocking repeated at c. d.*) Coming, Margot, coming! (*opens the door and perceives JEANNETTE standing outside in her wedding wreath and veil.*) Jeannette—the devil! (*aside.*) Precious good it was my fastening the other door.

JEANNETTE. (*coming down.*) You were going out, Monsieur Jean.

JEAN. Yes—that is to say—I—certainly—won't you take a chair?

JEANNETTE. Thank you; but I shall not detain you long—your friends are waiting for you at the alehouse, no doubt.

JEAN. Friends! oh, dear, no! it's only Jerome—big Jerome, you know, the son of Jerome, the miller.

JEANNETTE. And Rose, and Jacquiline, and Margot—they are waiting for you, too, are they not? Well, you shall go to them in a moment—but first tell me, frankly, why did you refuse me just now before the mayor and all our friends?

JEAN. Why did I? why, you see, Mademoiselle Jeannette—I'm sure I'm sorry for what has happened—but you see—

JEANNETTE. Well?

JEAN. I mean, you know, that—hang it, the thing's done now, and can't be undone.

JEANNETTE. And who told you that anyone wished it undone? You have acted very wisely, no doubt, Monsieur Jean.

JEAN. (*aside.*) I'm dumbfounded! I thought she'd tear out my eyes, at the very least.

FAN. Nevertheless, I should like to learn your reasons for acting towards me in this way.

JEAN. My reasons? why, you see, that's a question that—

JEANNETTE. Come, be candid—did not you first make love to me?

JEAN. Well, I—I—

JEANNETTE. Was it not yourself that first spoke to me of marriage?

JEAN. Of course it was.

JEANNETTE. Did you not fix the wedding day, send for the musicians, order the feast, and invite all our friends to the

merrymaking? In short, did you not lead everybody to believe you loved me, and meant to marry me?

JEAN. Certainly; I did all that as you say, there.

JEANNETTE. Well, then, why did you refuse to sign the contract? why did you run away when the notary handed you the pen?

JEAN. (*scratching his head.*) Why, you see, Mademoiselle Jeannette, to be sure I did run away, that's a fact; but it was because—because—

JEANNETTE. Because of what? has anyone been speaking ill of me to you?

JEAN. Never! I'd have knocked down the first man that dared to breathe a word against you.

JEANNETTE. Are you disappointed in me? Did you think I did not look as well as you expect, in my wedding dress?

JEAN. Not a bit of it; you looked like an angel, as you always do.

JEANNETTE. Then what can have been your motive?

JEAN. Why, you see, Mademoiselle Jeannette, it isn't you—you've got nothing to do with it—I love you still as well as ever, but it's getting married that frightens me.

JEANNETTE. Frightens you?

JEAN. Yes; I've been reflecting—

JEANNETTE. You might at least have reflected before you fixed your wedding day.

JEAN. Very true; but, you see, in these kind of affairs, one lets oneself be tempted by all sorts of things that seem very nice, a long way off; a pretty little wife, a comfortable little dowry, no end of little babbies, and a whole heap of things that make one's mouth water to think about—and one says to oneself, all these are wonderfully enticing, and why shouldn't I enjoy them as well as everyone else? And so one allows oneself to be drawn on, without thinking much of what one is about. But at last the wedding-day comes—always much sooner than one expected—and then one gets all sorts of uncomfortable ideas, to say nothing of horrid dreams—I had such an ugly one last night!—and then one gets frightened, and one begins to think that marriage is no joke after all, and then—and then one bolts, just like I did.

JEANNETTE. Yes, and one abandons the poor bride, without thinking of the insult one has offered her, without even turning one's head to see whether a tear does not tremble in her eye.

JEAN. Don't lean on that one—it's ricketty.

JEANNETTE. But I did not weep—no, I do not love you well

(*going to lean on a chair.*)

enough for that. And now that you have told me all I sought to know, go and rejoin your friends, who are waiting for you.

JEAN. (*aside.*) Well, I never imagined she would have taken it so coolly. (*aloud.*) So, you are not angry with me?

JEANNETTE. Angry!—why should I be angry with you, Monsieur Jean? One has always a right to change one's mind.

JEAN. To be sure!

JEANNETTE. 'Tis true I had devised many little schemes for our future life together, which it would have been so pleasant to have seen realised. I had arranged in my own head the use we were to make of our fortune—by buying more land, repairing the farm buildings, and making all sorts of changes and improvements. I had pictured to myself, too, how nice it would be to replace all the old furniture which you have inherited from your great grandfather, by that which my godmother has sent to me as a wedding gift, and which is new, and so pretty.

JEAN. Well, that would have been a change for the better, it's true. I daresay your new furniture's more solid than mine; at any rate, since yours is new, and mine's old, yours is newer, and that's something.

JEANNETTE. But what's the use of thinking of all these plans of mine, since they can never be realised? Forgive me, Monsieur Jean, and let us say no more about it.

JEAN. (*aside.*) And to think that I fancied she would tear me to pieces! (*aloud.*) So, you're really not angry with me?

JEANNETTE. Haven't I told you so already? Don't be alarmed—I shall soon console myself—a girl who is neither ugly nor penniless, need not go a begging. That's what I said to my father, who, spite of his gout, had made up his mind to charge his blunderbuss and shoot you.

JEAN. (*alarmed.*) Good gracious!

JEANNETTE. Oh, don't be alarmed—I have hidden his blunderbuss.

JEAN. (*aside.*) The devil!—I had forgotten the old soldier.

JEROME. (*without.*) Come, Jean! Here, Jean, aint you coming?

JEANNETTE. Your friends are calling for you; do not keep them waiting. (*gives him his hat.*) Here is your hat; go at once and rejoin them.

JEAN. Well, since you seem to take the matter so pleasantly, good day, Mademoiselle Jeannette.

JEANNETTE. Your servant, Monsieur Jean.

JEAN. (*aside—going.*) She don't seem much cut up about it, after all, so I needn't make myself uncomfortable about her; and now for a rollicking dance with the others. *Exit, D. in F.*

JEANNETTE. Thank Heaven he's gone!—I feared my tears would betray me. Poor fellow, I understand his feelings; but he might have told me before, and spared me this humiliation.

## SONG.—JEANNETTE.

Among so many swains who sought me for their belle,

I could, at my ease,

Choose as I might please,

But in choosing him, I thought I did well.

But ah! woe is me,

He frowns on me now,

And his friends laugh to see,

Shame and grief marked on my brow.

Sorely have his frowns

My poor heart dismayed,

Loving as I loved,

Thus to be betrayed.

When first to me to-day, the right of answ'ring fell,

I might have said "No,"

Had I chosen so,

But in saying "Yes," I thought I did well.

But ah! woe is me,

He frowns on me now,

And his friends laugh to see,

Shame and grief marked on my brow.

Sorely have his frowns

My poor heart dismayed,

Loving as I loved,

Thus to be betrayed.

*(laughter and shouts heard without.)*

But what now?—these sounds of laughter and glee!

What mean these sounds of mirth and wild festivity?

*(goes up and opens the window.)*

Yes, 'tis he! joyously he laughs!

And with his friends the goblet quaffs!

He is there!

Toying with his fair!

JEAN. (*without.*) Oh—oh!

Margot!

Joyous and free!

We'll laugh

And quaff,

And dance while the flutes,

And the merry lutes,

Make the old welkin ring with the noise of our glee!

CHORUS. (*without.*) Oh—oh !  
                   Margot !  
                   Joyous and free,  
                   We'll laugh  
                   And quaff,  
                   And dance while the flutes,  
                   And the merry lutes,  
                   Make the old welkin ring with the noise of our glee !

(when JEAN does not sing, this is sung by another.)

JEAN. (*without.*) Margot is not a prude,  
                   Her heart is free to all !  
                   Whoe'er on her would call,  
                   Need never shun her door from fear lest he intrude.

CHORUS. (*without.*) Oh—oh !  
                   Margot !  
                   Joyous and free,  
                   We'll laugh  
                   And quaff,  
                   And dance while the flutes,  
                   And the merry lutes,  
                   Make the old welkin ring with the noise of our glee !

(JEANNETTE perceives the coat of JEAN hanging against the wall—she snatches from it the bouquet, and hides it in her bosom.

JEAN. (*or Voice without.*) Margot is fond of fun,  
                   She vows she doesn't care  
                   For contract or for mayor,  
                   With a smile and kiss she greets every one.

CHORUS. (*without.*) Oh—oh !  
                   Margot !  
                   Joyous and free,  
                   We'll laugh  
                   And quaff,  
                   And dance while the lutes,  
                   And merry flutes  
                   Make the old welkin ring with the noise of our glee.

JEANNETTE.

What ! in my place he hails Margot queen of the *fête*,  
                   In bumpers deep,  
                   With joy elate,

And laughs in merry glee, whilst I in silence weep !

(leaning out of the window.)

His arm's round her waist—she smiles—they embrace—  
 'Tis too much—I'll fly this place! *(comes down.)*  
 But I'll weep no more!  
 Vengeance on his head  
     Quickly now shall fall.  
 Once my heart was sore;  
 But my grief is dead.  
     Anger smothers all!  
 No more I'll mourn.  
 Anger and scorn  
     Their force reveal.  
 Revenge is sweet,  
 And at my feet,  
 Ere the day's o'er,  
 Humbled once more,  
     Here he shall kneel.  
 No! I'll weep no more!  
 Vengeance on his head  
     Quickly now shall fall!  
 Once my heart was sore,  
 But my grief is dead,  
     Anger smothers all! *Exit L. door.*

*Enter JEAN, door in flat.*

JEAN. *(at door.)* Yes, my pretty Rose—yes, my sweet Margot, you shall have my wedding nosegay. Wait there a moment, and I'll bring it to you. *(comes down.)* Ha, ha, ha! what merry little souls they are, to be sure! Haven't we had fun together! such laughing—and such drinking! *(wiping his forehead.)* Yes, that's the worst of it, for that nice treacherous wine has gone straight up into my head, and turned all my ideas topsy-turvy. What did I come here to look for? I'm sure I haven't the smallest idea. *(goes to sit, and nearly falls.)* Ah! *(gets up, and looks at the chair.)* It's the good one, too! what the devil's the matter with the chair? Never mind; ha, ha, ha! I'm devilish glad I'm not married, that's all!—what a fool I was going to make of myself this morning! The idea of getting married, when there are lots of pretty girls who are always ready to drink with you, and sing with you, and dance with you. By-the-way, that reminds me that I haven't danced yet—but I'm going to—won't we have a jolly time of it, that's all! But what the devil did I come here for? Ah! now I know—'twas for my wedding nosegay, for Margot. *(takes down coat from nail.)* Not here! where can it have vanished to? Oh, I suppose I must have lost it on the road, when I was running

away from the mayor'... Never mind, my pretty Margot, I'll soon gather another for you in the garden. (as he approaches the door, i., it opens and—

JEANNETTE appears—she has laid aside her bridal wreath and veil.

## DUET.—JEAN AND JEANNETTE.

JEANNETTE. Not so fast, friend, I pray!

JEAN. How now? you here once more!

JEANNETTE. Yes! 'tis myself! a moment stay!

JEAN. My friend await, I can't delay.

JEANNETTE. Stir not abroad, but firmly close the door

JEAN. But—

JEANNETTE. Haste to obey!

Take heed no stranger enters here,

I've many things to say, that none must overhear.

(JEAN fastens the door in flat-

JEAN. (aside.) Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! what is she going to say?

(abrad.) The door is barred, now speak, I pray!

JEANNETTE. 'Tis well.

JEAN. How now—you seem in angry mood.

JEANNETTE. Yes, truly, I'm in angry mood.

JEAN. Then tell me, wherefore Jeannette, I pray,  
What brings you here again to-day?

JEANNETTE. The cause you'll learn, and quickly, too—

Your insults now I'll make you rue;

You wronged to-day my proffered hand,

And satisfaction I demand!

JEAN. What! satisfaction you demand!

This change I cannot understand.

(aside.) Oh! don't I wish I wasn't here!

JEANNETTE. Tremble to meet my father's rage,  
For naught his fury can abate.

JEAN. What! is the old man coming here?

JEANNETTE. He's coming here.

JEAN. I quake with fear!

JEANNETTE. You quake with fear!

He is a man, as well you know,

Who always renders back a blow;

And with his parole in his hand,

Foul reparation he'll demand!

JEAN. Foul reparation he'll demand?

JEANNETTE. He will!

JEAN Honour bright?

JEANNETTE. Honour bright !

JEAN. (*aside.*) Oh ! here's a mess !

I must confess  
The prospect isn't very gay ;  
If he comes here,  
I'll disappear !

In some snug nook I shall hide away.

JEANNETTE. (*aside.*) From his distress

I well can guess  
His anger gives place to dismay,  
And now 'tis clear,  
Thanks to his fear,  
That woman's wit will win the day.

(*Together.*)

JEAN. (*aside.*)

Oh ! here's a mess, &c.

JEANNETTE. (*aside.*)

From his distress, &c.

JEAN. But—

JEANNETTE. What now ?

JEAN. Your father's infirm and bedridden.

JEANNETTE. He's strong again !

JEAN. How ! strong again ?

JEANNETTE. Yes, strong again !

And now, spite of his old age,  
He's gained new vigour from the fury of his rage.  
Just now I saw him load his blunderbuss.

JEAN. You saw him load his blunderbuss !

JEANNETTE. I did !

(*Together.*)

JEAN. (*aside.*)

Oh ! here's a mess, &c.

JEANNETTE. (*aside.*)

From his distress, &c.

JEANNETTE. Since you're afraid to meet him here,

Since of his blows you have such fear,

There's one way left to calm your dread,

And ward the tempest from you head.

(*taking a scroll from her bosom.*

This paper scroll which here you see,

Signed by you instantly must be ;

That I to all the world may show

'Tis I, not you, that now say "No."

JEAN. And if I sign my name, there will be no more fuss ?

JEANNETTE. 'Tis all I need.

JEAN. And you'll not mention more your father's blunderbuss ?

JEANNETTE. Never ; Agreed !

(Together.)

JEAN.

The peril is o'er,  
I breathe once more !  
Her anger is past,  
I'm safe at last.  
Marriage I'll shun—  
    Joyous and free ;  
I'll yield to none,  
    My liberty !

JEANNETTE.

The struggle is o'er,  
I doubt no more !  
In my toils at last,  
I hold him fast.  
Soon every one,  
    Will learn with glee,  
How well I've won  
    The victory !

(When Duet is not sung.)

JEANNETTE. Not so fast, Monsieur Jean if you please.

JEAN. What, not gone yet ?

JEANNETTE. As you perceive—

JEAN. Oh, very well, if you like to remain here, with all my heart, but I must be off.

JEANNETTE. Close the door.

JEAN. Close the door ?

JEANNETTE. Pray now do as I tell you, and close the door ; we must have a few moments' serious conversation which I think it would be better no one should overhear.

JEAN. (*mechanically closing door.*) Indeed ! (*aside.*) What's in the wind now, I wonder ?

JEANNETTE. Now, Monsieur Jean, would you like to avoid having an explanation with my father for the insults you have heaped upon me to-day.

JEAN. (*confused.*) Why, Mam'selle Jeannette—you see—that—I—well I don't mind—

JEANNETTE. So much the better, for I expect him here, with his blunderbuss, every moment.

JEAN. Come, Mam'selle Jeannette, that won't do. There's no fear that your father, old Corporal Ponchet will pay me a visit ; he's been laid up with the gout for the last two months.

JEANNETTE. Ay, but on being informed the way you had treated me, he flew into such a rage, and you know he can fly into a rage, and then he swore—you know he can swear—in fact, the shock upon his nervous system created an instantaneous cure of his malady—and I just left him loading his blunderbuss, swearing to blow your brains out.

JEAN. (*alarmed.*) Blow my brains out ? Bloodthirsty old monster ! And Jeannette, would you calmly permit him to lay me a mangled corpse at your feet ?

JEANNETTE. Perhaps not ; but what can I say to him ? you know he is so passionate—there is only one way to screen yourself from his fury.

JEAN. (*signing hastily*) But, remember, I've signed of my own free will, and not because I'm frightened at your father and his blunderbuss.

JEANNETTE. So much the better.

JEAN. (*giving paper.*) Here, take your paper ; I care so little about it, that I don't even know what it is.

JEANNETTE. One would think that you don't know how to read, or else that you would have seen at once that it's the contract.

JEAN. Contract !—what contract ?

JEANNETTE. Why our marriage contract, to be sure !

JEAN. What !—you don't mean to say you've forced me to sign it ?

JEANNETTE. Not the least in the world. You signed it of your own free will, not because you were frightened by all my nonsense about my father and his blunderbuss, did you ?

JEAN. Of course not—but—

JEANNETTE. But what ? (*thrusting the paper under his eyes.*) Can't you see that there's only your name to it ? If I signed it, now, that would be a very different affair, for then we should be married in good earnest. But don't be alarmed, Monsieur Jean, I'm not going to sign it. You refused me this morning, and now it's my turn to refuse you ; so I shall shew the contract to all the village, to prove that it's I who won't consent to this marriage, and not you—and I shall tell everybody that you have repented, but that it was too late—and that I have repaid you in your own coin—and that I don't love you at all—and that I mean to be married to somebody else before the month is out.

JEAN. (*laughing.*) Oh ! if that's all, I'm sure I've no objection. Shew your scrap of paper everywhere—tell everybody that it's you that have refused me—it's all the same to me ; so long as I'm not married, I don't care what you say or do. They may all make fun of me, if they like—I shall join in the laugh as heartily as the best of them.

---

JEAN. And that is—

JEANNETTE. (*taking scroll of paper from her bosom.*) To sign this paper.

JEAN. (*taking paper.*) Sign it, won't I ! ten times over if it is required, if I'm sure I shall not see anything of your fiery parent ; this blunderbuss—

JEANNETTE. Sign your name, and I pledge you my word, that you'll never again see or hear of either.

JEAN. Well, then, here goes.

JEANNETTE. And so shall I.

JEAN. Of course—we'll all be merry together, that's the wisest plan—ha! ha! ha! (*looking around him.*) By the way, you haven't seen my nosegay anywhere, have you? I've promised it to Mademoiselle Margot, and I shouldn't like to disappoint her. (*looking about.*) Where the deuce can it have got to?

JEANNETTE. (*coldly.*) Monsieur Jean!

JEAN. Ma'mselle!

JEANNETTE. Oblige me by looking in the garden for my cousin.

JEAN. Your cousin!—what cousin?

JEANNETTE. Why little Pierre, to be sure; I told him to wait for me at the door.

JEAN. Then you'd better go to the door and look for him yourself, if you want him.

JEANNETTE. Monsieur Jean, I'm surprised at you. Must I repeat my request?

JEAN. Oh, no, don't trouble yourself—I'll go, if you insist; but mind, it's only because it pleases me.

(*goes to door L., opens it, and looks out.*)

JEANNETTE. Well?

JEAN. (*looking out.*) There he is, throwing pebbles into the duck pond.

JEANNETTE. Why don't you go and fetch him?

JEAN. Oh, I'm to go and fetch him, am I?

JEANNETTE. Certainly.

JEAN. Oh, very well, ma'mselle, I'll go; but remember, it's only because it pleases me. (*pushes open door, L.*) Here, Pierre, Pierre!

*Exit, L.*

JEANNETTE. So, so, he will laugh as heartily as the best, will he? Well, we shall see how he keeps his word. If I had signed it too, perhaps he would not think it such an excellent joke. My fingers itch to add my name to his—I have still time to do so, if I choose. Let me see—shall I sign, or shall I not? It's all in my own hands now—it only depends upon me to be his wife if I like—very true. But then it would be very pleasant to be able to show to all the village that I've treated him just as he treated me, and have refused him, when he wished to be my husband. Yet for the sake of this petty triumph, I should lose a good husband—for he's not a bad-herrted fellow, and I'm sure I should make him love me in the end—and then it would be so droll to force him to marry me, in spite of himself.

JEAN. (*without.*) Come along, can't you!

JEANNETTE. (*going to table.*) I'll risk it, so here goes !  
 (signs, and folds the paper.)

*Enter JEAN, leading in PIERRE by the ear, from D. L.*

JEAN. Here's your cousin !

PIERRE. Come, I say, you just let me go, can't you ? (JEAN leaves his hold, and pushes PIERRE towards JEANNETTE.)

JEANNETTE. (*aside to PIERRE.*) Listen to me ; you see this paper ?

PIERRE. (*aside to her.*) Yes, cousin.

JEANNETTE. (*aside to PIERRE.*) You must take it to my father, to the Mayor, to the Notary, to all our friends—shew it to everybody ; you understand me ?

PIERRE. (*aside to her.*) Yes, cousin.

JEANNETTE. (*aside to PIERRE.*) And don't loiter on the road.

PIERRE. (*aside to her, going.*) No, cousin.

JEAN. (*aside.*) What is she plotting now with that young chap, I wonder ? I hate whispering.

JEANNETTE. What were you saying, Monsieur Jean.

JEAN. I, mam'selle ? Oh, nothing.

JEANNETTE. (*to PIERRE.*) You understand me perfectly, do you not ?

PIERRE. Yes, cousin. (*turning towards JEAN.*) Oh, my eyes ! what a bridegroom ! Runs off, D. in F.

JEAN. What is the matter with the young scapegrace ? I think he was laughing at me ! If I could only catch him !

(*goes to door.*)

JEANNETTE. (*aside, sitting and looking round her.*) After all, this will be very pretty when it's nicely arranged.

JEAN. (*surprised,*) What on earth is she about now ? I'll be hanged if she hasn't installed herself ! Ma'mselle !

JEANNETTE. What is it ?

JEAN. Don't you mean to go, too ?

JEANNETTE. Why should I ?

JEAN. Why should you ? That's an odd question.

JEANNETTE. Not at all—since I am at home here.

JEAN. At home !

JEANNETTE. Of course, now that we're married.

JEAN. Married !

JEANNETTE. (*rising.*) Ah ! to be sure, you don't know it. I quite forgot to tell you that I've signed it myself.

JEAN. Eh ?

JEANNETTE. Yes, I changed my mind, and signed it, after all.

JEAN. Signed what ?

JEANNETTE. Why the contract, of course.

JEAN. What? the—you've signed the—and just now you told me that you wouldn't.

JEANNETTE. One has always a right to change one's mind, you know—you said so yourself, this morning. But you're not angry with me, are you?

JEAN. Ah—you've deceived me, have you? Idiot! ass! ninny! blockhead that I've been!

JEANNETTE. You think yourself so much to be pitied then, Monsieur Jean?

JEAN. Hold your tongue!

JEANNETTE. But—

JEAN. Don't speak to me I tell you!

JEANNETTE. But I will speak to you. You're a fine man, no doubt, Monsieur Jean, a very fine man! nobody questions it—and I'm sure I don't want to deny it—but I'm not such a very ugly girl myself, and I warrant that, at this moment, there's more than one young fellow that would give something to be in your place; I don't think I'm too vain in thinking that it isn't every girl in the village that's like me.

JEAN. Why, as for being like you, that wouldn't be an easy matter, for you're three or four different persons, all in the course of the same half hour. First, you're as gentle as a lamb—then all of a sudden, you go off with an explosion enough to scare one out of one's senses—and then you're as mild as mother's milk again. It would puzzle the devil himself to understand you. The other girls are always stupid, and I like that better—one feels more at home with them. But if you fancy you're going to have it all your own way now, you're previously mistaken, that I can tell you. Ah! you wanted to see what marriage was like, did you? Well, you shall see—and I'll give you a specimen of it, that'll be precious little to your taste, I'll warrant—for I'm the master in my own house—do you hear that? And I insist upon every one's obeying me—do you hear that? And when they don't, I can get into a passion as well as anybody else—do you hear that? I'll teach you to marry people against their will, I promise you.

#### SONG.—JEAN.

JEAN. Now listen well, and learn my dear,  
What sort of life awaits you here.  
I'm hasty, everybody knows,  
I'm harsh, I'm brutal, I'm severe,  
And oft my passion ends in blows—  
Yes, ends in blows.

Spite of me, you would be my wife,  
 But ah ! you'll rue it all your life.  
 Alone I'll always sit at table,  
 With wine my sorrows I'll dispel,  
 You'll eat your dinner in the stable,  
 And drink fresh water from the well

JEANNETTE. Fresh from the well ?

JEAN. Fresh from the well !

No more gay robes, no more display,  
 You'll wash up dishes all the day,  
 Nor dare complain !

The floors you'll scrub,  
 And the saucepans rub,  
 Resistance will be vain !

And whilst in my bed I lie like a drone,  
 And snore at my ease,  
 You will, if you please,  
 To the market trot all alone.

JEANNETTE. Trot all alone ?

JEAN. Trot all alone !

So listen well, and learn, my dear,  
 What sort of life awaits you here.

I'm hasty, everybody knows,  
 I'm harsh, I'm brutal, I'm severe,  
 And oft my passion ends in blows—  
 Yes, ends in blows.

Spite of me, you would be my wife,  
 But ah ! you'll rue it all your life,  
 I'll have no idle wife, I vow,  
 Your toil shall make my cattle thrive.  
 Each evening you shall milk the cow,  
 The horses then to water drive.

JEANNETTE. To water drive ?

JEAN. To water drive.

I'll have you busy all the day,  
 You'll thresh the wheat and stack the hay,  
 And plough the farm ;  
 The pigs you'll tend,  
 And my stockings mend—

Hard work shall keep you warm.  
 And whilst at my ease I gaily carouse,  
 All the live long day,

My hard working spouse  
 All my commands must straight obey !

JEANNETTE. I must obey ?

JEAN. You must obey !

So listen well, and learn, my dear,  
What sort of life awaits you here,  
I'm hasty, everybody knows,  
I'm harsh, I'm brutal, I'm severe,  
And oft my passion ends in blows—

Yes, ends in blows

Spite of me, you would be my wife,  
But ah ! you'll rue it all your life !

JEANNETTE. Come, come, Monsieur Jean, 'tis not your heart  
that speaks, 'tis not your heart that speaks, 'tis the wine that  
has got into your head—you'll not make so hard hearted a  
husband as you would have me think.

JEAN. Husband ! now don't you say that word again, or I  
shall do something rash. Listen to me, Jeannette, it's not too  
late—send for the contract, and tear it up, it's the wisest thing  
you can do.

JEANNETTE. Never !

JEAN. You won't ?

JEANNETTE. No, I won't !

JEAN. Well, then, all I can say is, look out ! you'll have a  
precious time of it, I promise you !

JEANNETTE. I shall try and make the best of it.

JEAN. Ah ! that's the way you take it, is it ?

JEANNETTE. Yes ; I like the cottage, and shall stop here.

JEAN. (*tearing down the bed curtains, and breaking the furniture, plates, &c.*) Ah ! you like the cottage, do you ? We'll see how long it will please your fancy—there ! there ! there ! (*takes down his coat from the wall and throws it among the fragments.*) You like the cottage, do you ? Stop in it, then, and

(*Dialogue when Song is omitted.*)

And if in spite of me, you'll be my wife, 'gad, I'll give you  
cause to remember it ! you'll have to dine in the stable and  
regale yourself with fresh water, while I enjoy a good dinner  
and a good draught of wine here by myself ; you'll have to  
wash the dishes, and scrub the floor, and milk the cow, feed the  
pigs, mend the stockings, and trot off to market by yourself,  
all before I'm up of a morning, you shall earn the money, and  
I'll spend it ! and 'gad if you don't do all this to the letter,  
you'll smart for it, I can tell you ; I'll teach you what it is  
marrying a man against his will.

much pleasure may it give you! Here's a jollification for one's wedding day.

JEANNETTE. Dear Jean--

JEAN. Don't dear me! I won't have it! I'm no dear of yours, mind that! Now, I'm going to have a quiet nap in the loft, and I'd just advise you not to follow me there, that's all! (*ascending the staircase rapidly*) Ah! you made up your mind to marry me in in spite of myself, did you? and you thought you'd have it all your own way, did you? We shall see! we shall see!

*Exit, up staircase, L., into loft.*

JEANNETTE. What a state he is in, to be sure! and how bitterly he seems to hate me! He that used to be so amiable when he was making love to me. It must be the wine that has got into his head! Yes! but then he has broken everything to pieces. It's only to be hoped that he won't begin to play the same havoc with my new furniture when— What a capital idea that was of mine, to tell Pierre to have them sent here! and how nice it would be if I could get them snugly arranged before he comes back! the house wouldn't look like the same place—and who knows? perhaps he might be pleased and grateful to me for thinking of it. (*turning towards loft.*) Unkind wretch! but I'll love him so dearly, that he won't be able to help loving me himself, in the end. If I could only find out what he's about up there—I may as well have a peep. (*goes up the stairs on tiptoe, and peeps into loft.*) Why, he's asleep, on a truss of hay. Ah! (*coming down stairs very quickly.*) If his nap should only dissipate the fumes of the wine, how nice that would be. (*taking up Jean's coat.*) Here's his poor wedding coat, too, all torn and dilapidated—I'll make haste and mend it, before Pierre and the others arrive. (*sits and prepares to work.*) Well, this is a sad wedding, to be sure! But who knows? perhaps it may end the more happily, for having begun so dismally.

### SONG.—JEANNETTE.

Lone and neglected in my sorrow,  
Tearfully my woes I bewail;  
But love o'er his scorn will prevail,  
Hope whispers of a brighter morrow.

In tender looks his love displaying,  
He vowed his heart was mine alone;  
But now he's harsh and cruel grown,  
My loving words and smiles with angry frowns repaying.

Lone and neglected in my sorrow,  
 Tearfully my woes I bewail ;  
 But love on this scorn will prevail,  
 Hope whispers of a brighter morrow.

His cold neglect no more bemoaning,  
 I'll dream of happier days in store,  
 When he will frown on me no more ;  
 For all my sorrows past, with loving smiles atoning.

Lone and neglected in my sorrow,  
 Tearfully my woes I bewail ;  
 But love o'er his scorn will prevail,  
 Hope whispers of a brighter morrow.

*(she rises and puts aside her work.)*

Hark ! this way,

Footsteps are coming—'tis they !

*(a small cart filled with furniture, passes before the window—  
 JEANNETTE rises, hangs coat on a nail in the wall, and  
 opens the door, c.)*

Yes, they are here—come in ! tread softly, friends, I pray,

*Enter PIERRE and PEASANTS, door in flat.*

These scattered fragments bear away ;

Let the wreck that is here

Disappear.

*(the PEASANTS clear away the broken furniture.)*

Quickly now, all in order range,

And this humble cot to a palace change ;

This wreck, his rage betraying,

Hence conveying ;

But soft, lest to his ear your presence aught should show,

Whisper low !

*(causing the furniture to be arranged in its place as it is  
 brought in.)*

Here the wardrobe place—its shelves are well stored

With my household hoard.

Here, on this side, to be close at hand,

Let the sideboard stand.

The chairs here arrange—on these who sees fit,

May in safety sit ;

And my little table—though it's small 'tis true,

There is room for two.

Hang there the curtains, whose thick folds defy

Every prying eye. *(taking miniature from her bosom.)*

And, thy sweet smile,  
 Mother, shall still beguile  
 My hours of care and sadness ;  
 Thy deathless love,  
 From thy bright home above,  
 Shall fill my heart with gladness.

Quickly now, all in order range,  
 And this humble cot to a palace change ;  
 This wreck, his rage betraying,  
 Hence conveying ;  
 But soft, lest to his ear your presence aught should show,  
 Whisper low !

(the PEASANTS have by this time carried away the old furniture, and arranged the new in its place.

And now, kind friends your trouble I'll repay.

(gives money to the PEASANTS.

Instantly,  
 Silently,  
 Haste away !  
 Lest your steps he hear ;  
 Quickly disappear !  
 Instantly,  
 Silently,  
 Haste away !

*Exeunt PEASANTS, door in flat.*

JEANNETTE. (*looking round.*) How neat and pretty it looks now.

PIERRE. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha !

JEANNETTE. Ah ! you're still there, are you, Pierre ? come and help me to lay the cloth, then, for he'll be sure to be hungry when he wakes. (*they lay the table.*) Tell me, by-the-way, what do folks say about us in the village ?

PIERRE. Oh, as for that, cousin, you never saw such a hubbub in your life as the news has made—there hasn't been such a commotion in these parts, since old Gregory the Sexton was put in the pillory for pig stealing. But I forgot to tell you—the priest wants to know whether he's to have the bells rung again ?

JEANNETTE. (*listening.*) Hush !

PIERRE. What is it, cousin ?

JEANNETTE. (*pointing to the loft.*) Don't you hear ?

PIERRE. What ! up there in the hay ? why, it's the rats, of course.

JEANNETTE. The rats, little idiot ! It's my husband.

PIERRE. Oh ! then in that case, I'm off like a shot ! (*going.*)

JEANNETTE. No, come with me to the kitchen—you can help me cook the dinner—come, quick !

*Exeunt, R.*

*Enter JEAN from loft, L. down.*

JEAN. (*coming down the staircase, yawning, and stretching his arms.*) So it seems I've been asleep. What funny dreams the smell of new hay does give one, to be sure! (*sits on chair.*) Holloa! it's firm! what a novelty! I suppose I found out the best leg at last. What a queer dream I have had! First, I was going to be married—and then I changed my mind, and wouldn't; and then—and then—(*rises suddenly.*) Mercy on us! I recollect now, it wasn't a dream at all! I am married, and in good earnest, too! Oh, Jean! Jean! a nice mess you've got yourself into, my fine fellow! you've got a wife, ass! and you've broken your great grandfather's chairs and tables, idiot! A pretty state the place must be in at this moment! (*looks round.*) Holloa! what's all this? I can't be quite awake, yet, I'll try. (*pinches himself.*) Ay! yes, I'm wide awake, there's no doubt about it. But what can all this mean? (*touching furniture*) New furniture!—and a table ready laid for dinner? There must have been a fairy here. Ah—an idea! if it should be one disguised as my wife?

SONG.—JEANNETTE. (*without.*)

From the side of the road, which past my door strays,  
A hawthorn its fragrance to my lattice conveys,  
    Amid its branches green,  
    Warbling there unseen,  
A nightingale his home has lately made.

To his cheerful voice  
I listen and rejoice,  
Apart from village throng,  
I hark unto his song!  
Song so cheering,  
Notes endearing,  
Accents pure, which earth and sky allure,  
Like zehyr mild,  
Thy song so wild,  
Inspires a love that must endure.

Yes! at thy warbling, love awakes  
And listens to thy accents gay,  
The brook thy gentle notes to hear  
The babbling of its stream doth stay,  
While through the leafy forest boughs,  
The wind in sighs thy influence avows!  
Song so cheering, &c.

Last night all dripping from the dew,  
 The bird into my casement flew,  
 And there in trembling rufuge found !  
     All sad and lone,  
     His mirth all flown.

His voice had lost its joyous sound !

(during the song, JEAN goes and stands on staircase.)

JEAN. (advancing towards JEANNETTE, whilst, at the conclusion of her song, she is gaily swinging her salad basket in the air, and leaning forward as if about to embrace her; then as if he had suddenly changed his mind, recovering himself, and retreating from her abruptly—aside.) No ! I'll be hanged if I do ! it'll look as if I were the first to give in.

JEANNETTE. (turning round.) Ah ! you are there, are you, Monsieur Jean ? beg pardon, I thought I was alone.

CLAUDE. (gruffly.) What were you singing for ? I don't like people to sing in my house.

JEANNETTE. You need not be angry, I won't sing any more. (she goes to the kitchen by door, R., and immediately returns, bringing in a covered dish, which she places on the table.)

JEAN. Not be angry ? not be angry, indeed ! (aside.) The fact is, I don't see how I well can ; she won't give me the smallest chance. (aloud.) So, you fancy it's pleasant to find one's place turned topsy-turvy after this fashion, do you ?

JEANNETTE. Turned topsy-turvy !

JEAN. What ! all these new gimcracks ? What's that to me if they're new ? I don't know them—I was accustomed to the old ones.

JEANNETTE. Would you like to have them brought back, then.

JEAN. Now that they're all broken in pieces ? That's a bright idea !

JEANNETTE. Well, then—

JEAN. Well, then, hold your tongue, can't you ? (aside.) What a savoury smell, to be sure. (aloud—pointing to dish on table.) What's that ?

JEANNETTE. A roast duck.

JEAN. With green peas ?

JEANNETTE. With green peas.

JEAN. (sitting at table.) So, so ! you cook yourself ducks and green peas, do you ?

JEANNETTE. It was not for myself that I prepared it, Monsieur Jean, it was for you.

JEAN. For me ? and pray who told you that I liked duck and green peas ?

JEAN. Nobody, but I fancied—

JEAN. Fancied, indeed ! what right have you to fancy ?

(JEANNETTE *is going.*) Now then, don't you mean to eat your dinner?

JEANNETTE. Oh! I've dined long ago.

JEAN. Dined! where?

JEANNETTE. In the stable. (*arranges furniture.*)

JEAN. (*aside.*) In the stable! Well, that's a queer idea, anyhow! 'Pon my soul, my wife's not such a bad looking little body, after all. (*aloud.*) Well, what are you doing now?

JEANNETTE. Cleaning the saucepans.

JEAN. Cleaning the saucepans? I suppose you can do that as well by-and-bye!

JEANNETTE. Do you want me?

JEAN. (*laughing.*) Yes. (*suddenly changing his tone and speaking gruffly.*) I expect to be waited upon when I'm at dinner.

JEANNETTE. (*coming down.*) You shall be obeyed, Monsieur Jean.

JEAN. (*aside.*) Honour bright, my wife is a very tidy little body, and no mistake. (*aloud to JEANNETTE, who is standing behind his chair.*) Well! is that the way you're going to wait on me, I should like to know.

JEANNETTE. What do you wish me to do, Monsieur Jean?

JEAN. Sit, down, to be sure!

JEANNETTE. Sit down?

JEAN. Yes; I like to be waited on in that way—it's one of my whims.

JEANNETTE. As you please, Monsieur Jean. (*brings a chair, and sits at a little distance from table.*)

JEAN. What are you sitting there for?

JEANNETTE. You told me—

JEAN. To sit, to be sure, but I meant at the table, of course.

JEANNETTE. At the table?

JEAN. Certainly—how can you eat when you're a mile away from your dinner?

JEANNETTE. But I've dined, Monsieur Jean.

JEAN. Yes, yes, I know, in the stable; but that doesn't count for anything. Besides, I don't like eating alone—that's another of my whims. Come, I'm sure you can eat a bit.

JEANNETTE. (*bringing her chair to the table.*) If you wish it, Monsieur Jean.

JEAN. If I wish it! of course I do! you don't think I'm such a bear as to feast all by myself, while you sit there looking on, do you? Come. (*helping her.*) But you needn't sit so far off—there's room for us both on this side of the table. Why don't you come nearer?

JEANNETTE. I thought, Monsieur Jean—

JEAN. You thought that I should eat you, I dare say—but don't be alarmed, I shan't bite. (*aside.*) 'Pon my soul, she's got the most tempting little mouth. (*aloud.*) Come, draw your chair round this side.

JEANNETTE. As you please, Monsieur Jean.

JEAN. Monsieur Jean—Monsieur Jean! One would think you were talking to the mayor, you're so abominably respectful. That isn't the way you ought to speak to your husband.

JEANNETTE. What shall I call you, then?

JEAN. Call me by my name, to be sure, call me Jean, do—(*aside.*) Holloa, holloa, master Jean, you're forgetting your dignity! (*aloud, gruffly.*) Call me Jean, that's all.

JEANNETTE. Certainly, if you wish it, Jean.

JEAN. That's right. But you don't drink. Ah, I see, you've no glass—never mind, take mine. (*gives glass.*)

JEANNETTE. You are too kind. (*drinks.*)

JEAN. Too kind, indeed!—I should like to know who could resist such a tempting, fascinating, bewildering little mass of provocation? There, I can't stand it any longer, so here goes! (*kisses her.*)

JEANNETTE. A kiss—I think you might have asked for it, at least.

JEAN. Oh, if you're angry, I'll give it back to you at once; I wouldn't keep it against your will for the world. (*kisses her again.*)

JEANNETTE. (*taking his hand.*) Angry, dear Jean?

JEAN. What, you love me!—you forgive me! Oh, what a happy fellow I am! (*embracing her.*)

JEROME. (*at window.*) That's right, friends—make yourselves at home—don't stand upon ceremony, on any account!

JEANNETTE. (*aside.*) Pestered fool!—to intrude at such a moment!

JEAN. Well, Jerome, what now?

JEROME. Oh, nothing particular; only I thought I might as well look in, and tell you that you're not married after all.

JEAN. What do you mean?

JEROME. You've both signed the contract, it's true, but it wasn't in the presence of the mayor, so you're both as free as air.

JEAN. You don't say so?

JEANNETTE. (*aside.*) Oh, Heavens!

JEROME. You see you've time enough to back out now, if you choose; but make up your mind, for we're all waiting to know whether we're to dance at the wedding—ha! ha! ha!

(*he retires from the window.*)

JEAN. Why, what's the matter, Jeannette?—you're as pale as death!

JEANNETTE. (*who seems ready to faint.*) Can you not understand—this terrible news—

JEAN. What, you're afraid that I shall take advantage of your mistake, and get rid of you now? Poor Jeannette! I comprehend your emotion. But you shall see how wrongly you judge me. (*throwing open the door in flat, c.*) Come in, friends, come in!

*Enter JEROME, PIERRE, PEASANTS, and MUSICIANS, door in flat.*

You're wanting to dance at my wedding, are you not? Well, you shan't be disappointed. And now—(*taking the hand of JEANNETTE.*) wish health and happiness to the bride!

Yes, my friends, my wife, 'tis she!

JEANNETTE. Yes, my friends, my *husband* see!

CHORUS. Ah, yes! ah, yes! right sure were we,  
That ere long they would agree.

Tender is the lover's gaze,

Nought the silent maiden says.

Ah, yes! ah, yes! right sure were we,  
That ere long they would agree!

1<sup>st</sup> PEASANT. Recall'st thou the time,  
Old neighbour mine—  
'Tis now, alas! long years ago—  
When love and beauty,  
From work or duty,  
Would lure us easily, I trow.

JEANNETTE. But for a wedding dress, what will you do?

JEAN. And is *that* all?

JEANNETTE. Why, what mean you?

JEAN. The coat that I had torn,  
Is mended—and can now be worn.

JEANNETTE. (*significantly.*) Can now be worn?

JEAN. Ah! now I see—she was concealed.

And from these dust stains, still revealed,  
The traces of her tears are not yet gone. (*weeps.*)

JEANNETTE. But wherefore cry—I see not why,

Repine you so, because Margot

Your *nosegay* can no longer own?

JEAN. My *nosegay*?

JEANNETTE. 'Tis yours once more!

JEAN. Ah, no, 'tis *thine* for evermore!

Jeannette, thou fond love of my heart,  
From this time forth, ne'er let us part!

CHORUS. Now ring ye forth ye merry village bells,

To all around in joyous tones ye say.

That Jean to all his happiness thus tells,

And bids them welcome on his wedding day!

(*When Finale is omitted.*)

JEANNETTE. (*to JEAN.*) Then you really love me?

JEAN. Of course I do ; and I always did—and always shall, and everything would have been right this morning, had it not been for those cursed pork chops I had for supper last night ; they made me dream such awful things—mind you never never let me eat pork chops for supper again. (*the bells are heard, and the music of overture (which is played, piano till end of act.)*) Why there ! the bells ringing again—as if by magic ; now friends we're off this time to church, and no mistake. But what the deuce am I to do for a wedding coat? I've torn my new one.

JEANNETTE. (*bringing forward the coat.*) Yet, you see, a stitch in time saves many.

JEAN. (*taking coat and putting it on.*) What, mended—well that is prime—wonderful! Not at all wonderful—for have I not now a dear little wife to take care of me.

JEANNETTE. (*presenting bouquet.*) And your property. Now you are in your senses, you can give it to Ma'amselle Margot, for whom you were anxious to find it this morning.

JEAN. Margot be— (*JEANNETTE holds up her finger.*) Musn't I swear?—very well, I won't ; but this bouquet was originally intended for my own dear, darling, sweet, loving little charming duck of a wife—whom I mean to love to extermination—and if she won't have it, I'll—

(*raising bouquet as if to throw on ground.*)

JEANNETTE. (*taking bouquet.*) But she will have it, if it's only not to waste time in altercation ; the parson must have nearly lost his patience, by this time.

JEAN. So he must, poor man. Now, friends to church.

(*JEAN takes JEANNETTE's arm, which is followed up by the MALE and FEMALE PEASANTS ; he then heads a procession which he leads round stage—arrived at the front he stops, looking lovingly at his wife, then confidentially addresses audience—*

Ain't she a darling—much too good for me—I know you think so. Well, all I hope is, that you may be as well satisfied there, as I am here, with JEANNETTE'S WEDDING.

(*JEAN leads JEANNETTE towards the door, followed by the BRIDAL PARTY—the bells and music become very forte.*)

CURTAIN.

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